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THE SAME OLD DONK!



PUCK.

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Wednesday, March 16th, 1892. — No. 784.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE HEAR a great deal in these days of the dangers of free silver coinage, and of the risk the Democratic party runs in making itself responsible for a free silver policy. But it seems to us that most writers upon this subject too readily take it for granted that the people in general understand the nature of these dangers and their effect upon the party which dallies with them. And yet the case is one which, in its more important points, at least, may be made clear to any man of intelligence, even though he be neither a student of finance, nor an expert in monetary matters. Whatever profound or puzzling financial principles may lie at the bottom of the silver question, in its practical application it is merely a question of the mutual dependence, one upon the other, each upon all, and all upon each, of the various classes, sections and interests of our great national commonwealth. To make this plain to the people is to settle the silver question, considered as a matter of practical legislative action. Then, if the learned and studious want to argue out the rights and wrongs of our policy, regarded from a theoretical standpoint, they are perfectly at liberty to do so, and nobody will be a tittle the worse. It is of the homely and practical side of the question that, in our judgement, the people do not hear enough talk, nor enough plain, every day, understandable talk.

Too many people think that the silver question is only a local issue. Why, they ask, should not the silver states have all the silver money they want, if they supply it themselves? If we of the East don't want it, we need not take it. We can stick to our gold and our national-bank-notes and legal tenders. And must it not be a real demand and a real need, since so many people ask for it? If the Democratic party, which certainly comprises a greater part of the people of the country, has elected a majority of the House of Representatives, and that majority votes for free silver, is it not merely the question of serving the greatest interests of the greatest number? And this sort of reasoning seems sound enough until we sit down and ask ourselves what would become of a locomotive whose engineer oiled only a majority of its parts, and let the rest of its mechanism rust and clog.

Let it be remembered, first of all, that this silver question has nothing to do with moral principles, except in so far as all public questions concern public morals. It is essentially a matter of business expediency and necessity. Moreover, it is not a sectional matter, except on the face of it. It is true that it has arrayed the East against the West. But the objection of the East to the plans of the West is not based on any feeling on the part of the East that her interests are distinct from those of the West, or are antagonistic to them. On the contrary, it springs from a thorough knowledge of the fact that the interests of these two sections of the country, and of all sections of the country, are so closely allied as to be practically identical. Nor is it strange that this fact is better known in New York than in Colorado, among men of the same grade of intelligence and business ability. It is something which the man in Colorado has but little occasion to know, while to the New York man it is brought home with all the force of realization by the daily needs and circumstances of his business life. Colorado knows but one end—though that is the big end—of a string that connects her with New York. New York knows her end—the little one—not only of that string, but of a hundred others that connect her with every section of the United States. It is true that she holds only the little ends, but in her hands all those little ends are twisted together into one big rope, and she knows that to weaken one of those strands is to weaken the rope itself.

The silver men will tell you that New York is not a producer; that the real wealth of the country springs from the producing states, and that therefore the voice of those states should be heard before the voice of the non-producers. The premise is correct: the deduction erroneous. The farmers of a community are producers. The man who runs the bank through which they all do business is a non-producer. But, suppose the man who runs the bank were to permit any one of his customers to get bad notes discounted, he would put in jeopardy not only the strength of his bank, but also the interests of his other customers. Suppose Reuben

Wheat comes to Banker Timesafe and says: "These notes are good enough for me;" and Banker Timesafe says to Reuben Wheat: "They are n't good enough for me, by a jugful!"—whose voice do you think should settle the question?

Now, that is precisely the situation. Circumstances and situation have made New York, with other Eastern cities, the bank through which the whole country does business with the outside world. For the safety of the bank, and equally for the safety of all the other customers, no one dealer, or set of dealers, can be allowed to float notes and securities which business experience has shown to be worthless, or even doubtful. And that is just what free silver coinage means to the great bank of the United States. Silver is—we need not stop here to discuss why or wherefore—at a discount as a circulating medium. Locally we may use it at its face value. Foreign nations will not. Through this bank of the East the West, the Mid-West, the South and the South-West all deal with the rest of the world. It is true in this case, as in many others, that it makes lots of difference whose ox is gored. It is not at all unnatural that the Western man may lose sight of a truth that comes home to the New Yorker with the force of a blow from a telegraph-pole—if the West pays its bills to New York in silver at a discount, and New York pays her bills to Europe in gold at a premium, or even at par, the banking business stands a fair chance of bankruptcy.

But how does this concern the West? Well, the West will probably find out, if she ever, by such means, forces New York to close her accounts. To drop all figure of speech, what must happen if the producers of the West foist on the handlers of the East a circulating medium which they can not use safely or profitably? Why, the Eastern men must seek a different investment for their capital. They can not put money in the West on a gold basis, and get their returns on a silver basis. They must find other places where they can turn it over to advantage. Thus, instead of the free coinage of silver creating, as the silver men say they expect it to create, a plentiful flow of money in the West, it will create a still greater stringency. What that means every one knows—lack of employment, lack of transportation facilities, business dullness and bad credit. And when such a state of things comes to pass, is it probable that the people who suffer will vote again for the representatives who brought about the suffering? That is the question before the Democratic party. Will it force the people to learn these economic truths by the means of a cruel object-lesson? The majority in the House of Representatives to-day may delude itself into the belief that it represents the people in its attitude on the silver question, but that is only because the question is not understood of the people. Their delusion must come to an end. Shall bitter experience bring the end? May not plain talk yet make plain facts plain to plain people?



A PERFECT DARE-DEVIL.

"Have a cigawette, Cholly, ol' fel'?"

"Nevah use them, deah boy; and I'm weally surprised that you have that weakness!"

"Weakness? I'll have you to know, then, that it takes a pwetty stwong chap to stand cigawettes!"



A LONG WAY BEHIND.

BRAINSBY DIGGS.—New York is very nice, Miss Bleecker; but, after all, there is no place like Boston.
MISS BLEECKER.—Yes—after all.

A HOOSIER COURTSHIP.

ACT I.

HOOSIER.—Your mother has this here grips; and I'm tired of drivin' through the mud lookin' for a hired girl. There ain't no helps to be had! Marry a good, strong girl, and I will deed you the farm.

HOSEA.—How about Betsey Bump?

HOOSIER.—I've hearn tell of her good cookin'.

ACT II.

BETSEY.—But, Hosey, darling; are you sure you love me?

HOSEA.—Love you, Betsey? Why, I can not live without you!

BETSEY.—Then let's get married right away, Hosey.

HOSEA.—The sooner the better, my own treasure. How would to-morrow do? To-morrow morning?

BETSEY.—All right. Pa says I must marry or work out.

Winchester Fitch.

A JUDGE OF BABIES.

MISS GIDDIGUSH.—Mr. Crusty, did you see the Cooington baby? Do tell me how it looked!

OLD CRUSTY.—Um—ah! It is quite small, clean shaven, red faced, and looks like a hard drinker.

THE BEAUTY of the ivy is that while it climbs, it never loses its grip.

DEAF BEETHOVEN rejoiced that he could hear in heaven; but many a deaf man is unreasonably unthankful that he can't hear so-called music on earth.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

LALAGE.—I don't care how homely my husband may be, so long as he is good.

VIOLA.—I don't care how bad my husband may be, so long as he is homely. I don't want any other women running after him.

BADLY BITTEN.

BRONCHO JIM (*falling on his knees*).—Miss Begad—Dorky—I feel that I kin kneel before you an' say—Oh! Ouch! The devil!
MISS BEGAD.—Oh! what's the matter, Jim?

JIM.—Good-by, Dorky! I've set back onto a couple of tarantulas, an' I'm a goner!

MISS BEGAD.—Git up, you idiot! You've set down on your own spurs. Git up, an' go on with the proposal!

BETTER THAN WON.

HE (*seriously*).—We must devise some means of obtaining your father's consent.

SHE.—Well, let's put our heads together, and—(*but after that, he did not care whether they had Papa's consent or not*).

THE WOUNDS OF LOVE.

KITTY.—I wonder how Venus lost her arms?

TOM.—Oh, she was all broken up on Adonis, you know.

A HORSE MARINE.—The Hippocampus.

HIAWATHA.—Pride of the Setting-sun, will you be mine?

MINNEHAHA.—Oh, go and do as the pale-faces do. Go and buy me of my father.



IN CENTRAL PARK.

PROF. KOMOFF.—What has become of the English sparrows in New York?

OFFICER RYLEY.—Ah, go 'way! Sure dhey niver waz an English sparrow on dhe foorce.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

A FIN DE SIÈCLE GENIE;

OR,

ARABIAN NIGHTS UP TO DATE.

ABDUL KARTAH was blasé. There is no use attempting to disguise the fact. He was born in Damascus, had been brought up in Damascus, and was Damascene to the backbone. That alone was enough to make a man blasé, for Damascus is one of the oldest cities on earth.



But Abdul Kartah had tasted the cup of life. He had even drunk it to the dregs, and looked closely at the bottom to see if there was any more left. He had made up his mind that there was not, when one day at the flower market he saw Marshmallah.

She was a flower girl from some fourteen-syllabled village down near the Red Sea, and from time immemorial flower-girls have been destructive of the peace of mind of romantic young gentlemen of high degree.

As soon as he had seen Marshmallah, Abdul was a changed man. No more did he go to the hanging gardens at night, listen to the low lascivious tooting of the bulbul, smoke hookahs and drink palm-tree wine, which, you will remember, Xenophon says is "exceedingly headachy." No more did he go out for midnight rides on the Jerusalem mule tramway. He even gave up polo and abjured checkers at a dollar a game.

Abdul swore off generally, and took to expending his monthly allowance of rupees, scudi, piastres, or whatever they call them, on yellow chrysanthemums and hot-house violets. Marshmallah liked it first rate, and began to have visions of a sealskin peplum (or some such garment) and a team of donkeys. But about this time old Kunnel Kartah, Abdul's father, rose up and said in his beard:

"There's something wrong with Ab: he's reformed."

So the old man, not having a grand vizier (because they went out of fashion along with califs), sent for his private secretary and said to him:

"Pete,"—the secretary was an Englishman and his name was Peter Thompson—"Pete, what's up with Ab?"

"Don't know, said Pete; "but I'll find out!"

That evening Peter returned and looked seriously at Kunnel Kartah.

"Well, what is it?" said the old man; "speak out."

"Mashed," said Peter, sententiously.

"Mashed! Is she rich?"

"No. Flower-girl."

"O Allah!" exclaimed Kunnel Kartah; "this comes of being a member of an old blue-blooded family that goes back to the days of the Sultan Habib. The princes always were spooning on the wrong girls. Well, well; get down the oracle and let's see what the idiots did under the circumstances."

Peter went to the book-case and got down a magnificent unexpurgated edition of the "Arabian Nights." Kunnel Kartah thumbed the index.

"Um—um—ah, here it is; page 327. Um—um—um—they sent the prince to a desert isle where there were no women, to stay until he reached the age of discretion. What blooming rot!"

"Well, sir," said Peter; "Abdul ought to have reached the age of discretion; but it seems that he has n't, and I think that foreign travel would be a good thing for him. He'd forget this silly flower-girl business."

"I don't know but you're right," said Kunnel Kartah. "We'll try it. Go down and get a ticket to Calcutta, and we'll pack him off on tomorrow's steamer."

Peter left the house, and just before dinner Abdul came in.

"Well, sir," said his father; "what have to say for yourself? Fallen in love with a flower-girl, eh?"

Abdul started and then salaamed very low.

"Commander of the faithful," he began, but his father shouted:

"Don't you commander-of-the-faithful me, you blockhead! I won't have it! It's out of date!"

"Well, guv'nor, Marshmallah is a good girl, and I'm sure if you would only see her, you'd love her yourself."

"Ah-h-h! I don't want to love her! Confound your impudence! You go and pack your trunk. You start for India to-morrow."

Abdul knew that there was no escape, and he did as he was ordered.

He contrived to send a message to Marshmallah, assuring her of his eternal constancy, and received an answer begging him not to keep her waiting too long, as she had other advantageous offers. He sailed away the next day on a Mediterranean fruit steamer that carried three passengers. They had not left the Red Sea when a big storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked on a small island. Abdul, who could swim like a wild duck, was the only person who escaped. He was cast by a huge wave upon a rock, where he clung until the tempest subsided.



When Abdul regained his senses, he mourned grievously over his misfortune, for the island had the appearance of being uninhabited. He arose and began to move forward in the hope of finding a place more inviting than the rocks, when he beheld a curious growth upon the side of a tree. It looked like a box with a crank protruding from the side. He turned the crank and a bell rang. Then he heard a hollow voice saying:

"Hello! hello!"

Abdul staggered and rubbed his eyes, fearing that he dreamed. But again the voice said:

"Hello! Who's that?"

"Sir," answered Abdul; "I know not who you are, nor whence you speak."

"You blooming chump!" exclaimed the voice; "did you never see a telephone before? What are you—shipwrecked?"

"Sir, I am, indeed, a shipwrecked voyager."

"First turn to the left beyond the rocks till you come to the gate. Good-by."

Abdul, marvelling greatly, set forward on his path. Turning as the voice had bidden him, he came to a gate covered with green cloth. He knocked, but none answered. Then perceiving a small knob at one side, he laid hold of it, when instantly a bell rang within. He started back in alarm as the gate opened and a man appeared.

"Holy ginger!" exclaimed the man; "another case of shipwreck!"

"Sir," said Abdul; "I perceive that you are a person of understanding."

"You bet your boots! Here, take this, and when you need anything, rub it."

And the gatekeeper handed Abdul a gold ring.

"Now come in. Don't stand out there," said the gatekeeper.

Abdul entered, and found himself in the court-yard of a spacious and magnificent palace. He looked about him, and found that the gatekeeper



had departed. He went forward, and soon entered an apartment of inviting aspect. He sat down and gazed about him. On one side of the room was a bookcase, filled with the latest stories of Kipling, De Maupassant, Stevenson, Howells, Crawford, and other writers of whom Abdul had never heard. On a large table were all the leading magazines and weeklies of England, France and the United States. On another side was a buffet laden with California grapes and other fruits, and with bottles of various sizes and colors. Abdul folded his hands and rubbed them gently in his satisfaction. He unconsciously rubbed the ring. Instantly he



heard a rumbling sound, and looking in the direction whence it came, saw a sort of car rise till it was opposite a door. The door opened, and a man stepped forward. He wore a swallow-tailed coat, and carried a napkin over his arm. He bowed and said:

"What will Monsieur have? We are your servants, I and the other slaves of the ring."

"Allah is great," said Abdul; "my stomach is uneasy with salt water."

"Monsieur should try a creme de menthe."

"A what?"

"A creme de menthe — Paris-green cocktail."

The man stepped to the buffet and returned with a glass full of something green, which he gave to Abdul to drink.

"Allah is great — greater than I thought," said Abdul, looking at the empty glass with much respect. "And now, friend, who are you, and where am I?"

"Don't you know? Why, where on earth do you come from?"

"Even from Damascus."

"Oh, that's worse than Philadelphia. They're centuries behind the times in Damascus."

"Not so. We have a faro bank and a mule tramway."

"Gee-whizz, man! Why, have you any opium dens, or policy shops, or cable railways, or electric rapid transit lines, or pool rooms, or roof-garden concerts?"

"I know not what these things may be."

"Well, then, you're not in it!"

"Not in what?"

"Oh — not in the century! You're not *fin de siècle*. Now, as for me, why, I'm the king of the genii."

"The what?"

"King of the genii. I've been running this island ever since the old original sultan sent his son here to live out of sight of women till he was twenty-one. You must have read about it in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"Then that was true?"

"You bet your sweet life! Why, that's Aladdin's ring you're wearing!"

"But those things told in the tales of Scheherazade were all impossible."

"Yes, they were then; but not now. Why, with steam, electricity and cheek, we can do things that her royal nibs would n't have dared to tell Schaharior."

"Then you may be able to aid me."

"I can. I know what's the matter. You are in love with a flower-girl or something of that sort, and your sire has sent you off to get cured. Of course, you came ashore here. They all do. We get them. That's what we are here for. We're running a retreat for eligible sons who are in danger of contracting mesalliances."

"Oh, but you must not help me that way. I do not wish to be cured of my love. I want my Marshmallah."

"Well, you're going to get your Marshmallah. That's the cure."

"I don't quite understand."

"You will after you've been married two or three months."

So saying, the genie pressed a button and a messenger appeared. The genie wrote out a brief message and handed it to the messenger, saying:

"Take your electro-magnetic flying-machine and carry that message to Damascus. Bring back the girl, or an answer. Rush now!"

Three hours later the answer came. It read thus:

"Marshmallah Mul Kahi, Sister of the Nightingale, Daughter of the Moon, and Cousin of the Date-palm, presents her compliments to Abdul Kartah and begs leave to inform him that she has just accepted an offer of £200 per week to appear in London in a new comic opera. The management guarantees that she shall marry a real lord at the end of the season. She regrets, therefore, that she must indefinitely postpone her uncertain engagement with Abdul Kartah."

Abdul burst into tears, and handed the note to the genie to read.

"Phew!" exclaimed he. "Young man, the fair sex, as you perceive, is always *fin de siècle*."

"What shall I do, then? My life is now hopeless; but let me at least become *fin de siècle* before I die."

"You are sure that you have nothing else to live for?"

"Yes," said Abdul, sadly.

The genie went to the book-shelves and got down complete editions of the works of W. D. Howells and of Henry James.

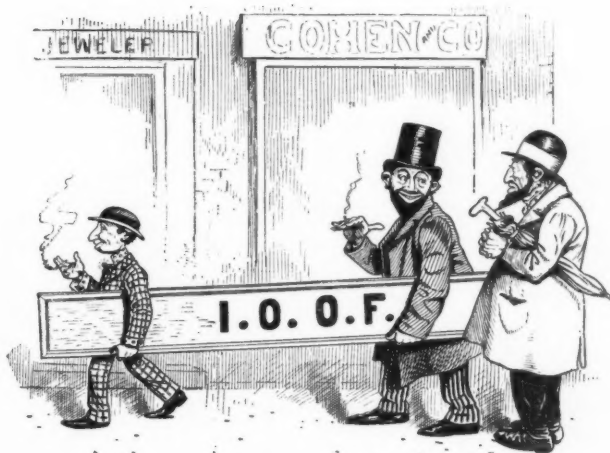
"There," said the genie; "find the soul in these, and the plots in those, and you'll be the *fin de sièclest* man on the face of the earth."

Abdul Kartah withered with the grapes in the golden Autumn.



W. J. Henderson.

MAKING USE OF IT.



FRIEND.—You don't pelong to dot society, Isadore?

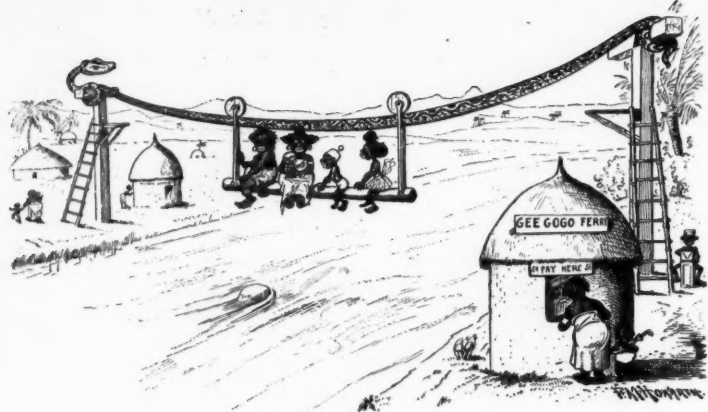
ISADORE HEPHEIMER.—No.

FRIEND.—Vot you do mit dot sign?

ISADORE HEPHEIMER.—I pought him down to dot auction fer less dan de poardt is vort. You come oop to mein store to-morrow, und you see vot I do mit him.



ISADORE HEPHEIMER.—Vot you dink mit dot, Max?



THE TROLLEY SYSTEM IN AFRICA.

FOREWARNED.

THE HEAT of the parlor, the scent of the flowers,
The drowsy touch of the wee sma' hours,
Had weighted her eyelids until they drooped.
I bent above her, and tenderly stooped;
Then I cried: "Three o'clock! And All is Well!
But each eye is a faithless sentinel!
Do you know what will happen if they sleep
And neglect their vigilant watch to keep;
And leave unguarded that velvet cheek,
In whose dimples young Love plays hide-and-peek;
And those lips, on whose soft and tempting red,
The bees of Maenides might have fed?"

"Ah, yes!" she said, with a glance piquant;
"I know what *would* happen; but *it* *shan't*!"

Harry Romaine.

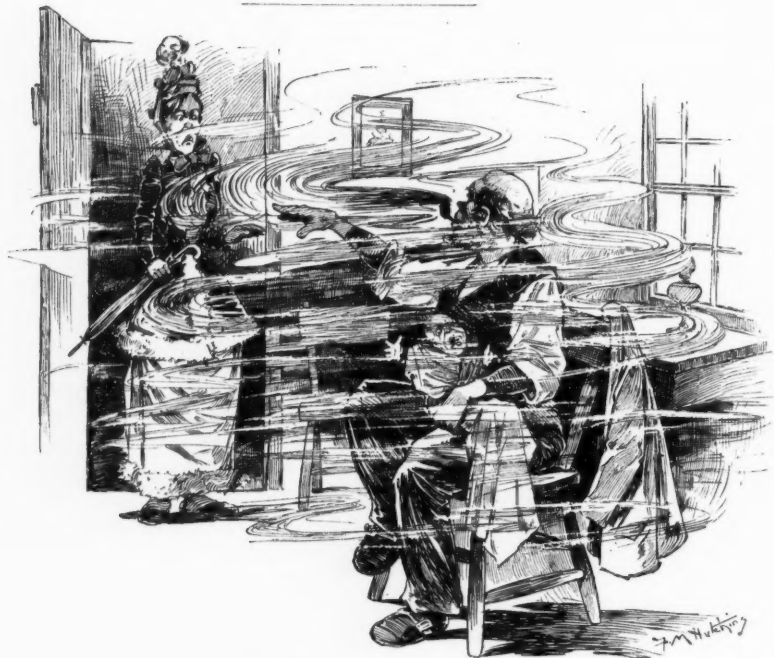
A FEW LEFT.

RICKETTS.—Does Mrs. Small keep many boarders now?

HUNKER.—Oh, yes; but some manage to escape now and then.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS.

A baby, when it starts to weep
At night, will worlds of trouble make;
For, ere it cries itself to sleep,
It cries the neighborhood awake.



SOMETHING WRONG.

MR. O'NEILL (*who has been minding the baby while his wife was out*).—Bridget, go right away fer th' docther. This baby must be getting pneumony or dipthery, fer it 's done nothin' but cough, cough, cough, iver since you 've been out!

IN LUNNON.

MISS CHUMPERTON-CHUMPS (*of England*).—Every girl in town wants to marry Lord Hasbroke even though he is so dissipated.

MISS NEWGOLD (*of America, superiorly*).—Yes; but I'm the only girl whose parents are willing to allow her to run such a risk.

A GOOD SALESMAN.

MISS SEVVENS.—I don't know whether I'll take those shoes or not.

SALESMAN.—They can be sent by mail.

MISS SEVVENS.—Can they? Then I'll take them.

SHE KNEW SOMETHING.

In the primary school the other day the scholars were required to tell, in their own words, something about the elephant.

Little Flossie, in her turn, stood up and said:

"The plumage of the elephant is brown."

WHY THEY KICK.

The cynics are the men who find
Grave flaws in Nature, and condemn
It all because the Lord designed
This world without consulting them,



AT REHEARSAL.

FAMILY SOLICITOR.—You must know, then, that the old Duke, dying without issue, you, as the head of the collateral branch, not only inherit the titles and all the estates, but seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

FIRST SMALL BOY (*to* SECOND DITTO).—Say, Smiggy, now is the time to strike him for your mudder's wash bill!

NOTHING FAMILIAR ABOUT HER.

GASKET.—That woman's face seem familiar to me.

MARLIN.—You must be mistaken. That is Mrs. Vanas-torbilt, and she is one of the most exclusive ladies in the city.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

BANK PRESIDENT.—What is the new watchman's name?

CASHIER.—Jimmy.

BANK PRESIDENT.—Discharge him at once!

JUST A FAMILY SPAT.

PRATTLE (*to his wife*).—You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions.

MRS. PRATTLE.—I'd like to know how you get at that conclusion.

PRATTLE.—You say, "There's no use talking," and then you talk some more.

BEWARE, GOSSIP, of telling what you don't fully know. Even an Encyclopædia is the barest skeleton abstract of the sum of human knowledge.

THE POET who wrote, "Man wants but little here below," had evidently never seen the advertising columns of an American newspaper.

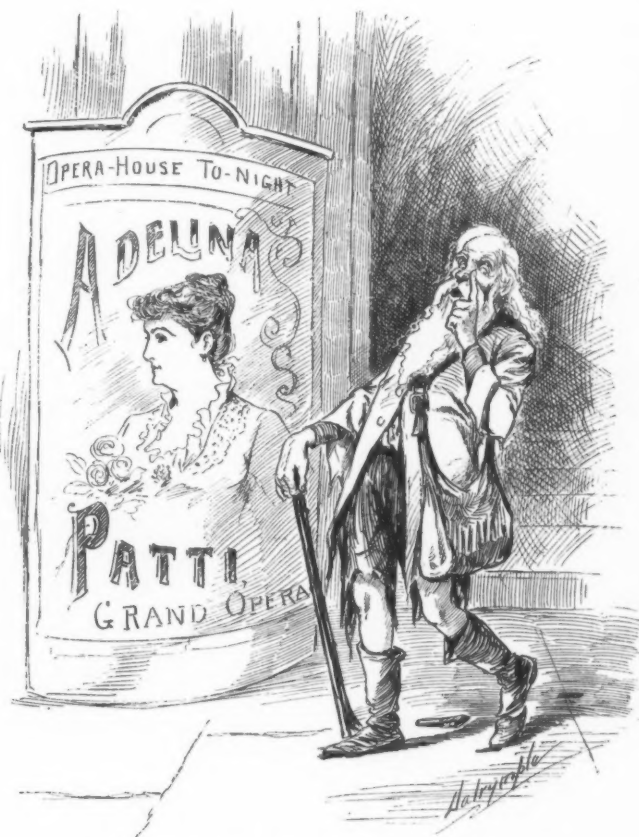
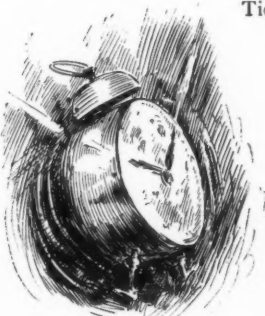
A black and white illustration of a group of people in 19th-century attire. A man in a top hat and patterned coat is dancing with a woman in a long dress. Other people are standing around them, some smoking. A sign on the right reads "GRAND ANNUAL BALL OF SHAMROCK DISTRICT No. 949".

SIX WEEKS AGO I was a happy, hearty man. I was fat and funny, and prosperity walked with me. To-day I am a wreck, a doddering, weak-kneed wreck, and care not whether I live or die. And the fault is all my own.

A black and white cartoon illustration depicting a chaotic scene. In the center, a man in a checkered suit and top hat is being pulled back by a man in a white coat. To the left, a woman in a white dress is running towards them. In the background, a man in a top hat is holding a stick, and another man is holding a sign that says "GRAND AL" and "ALL". The scene is set in a room with a window in the background.

I have lost place, position and friends. I can not eat for thinking of it, nor sleep for hearing. And no rest will come to me until it rings out its leave and license for me to slumber. I patiently await the end. I am worn out, but IT is good as new.

And this has been the performance night after night. I have tried to do without it; but I am a victim to the alarm-clock habit as completely as if I lived in Brooklyn, and I must have it, despite the torture. Night after night it ticks, and wanders at will through the room, and I can not



RIP VAN WINKLE (*stopping suddenly in front of Opera House and looking very much relieved*).—No use o' them fellers tryin' ter fool me with their darned lies about sleepin' twenty years! There's Patti lookin' just the same ez she did night before last.



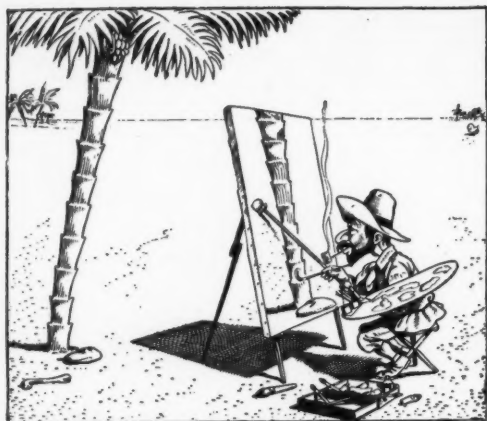
AND HE IS HOWLING FOR IT.

"The nomination for President is never handed to any man on a silver platter. If he would have it, he must work for it."—D. B. HILL.

PUCK.



THE ARTIST'S DEVICE.



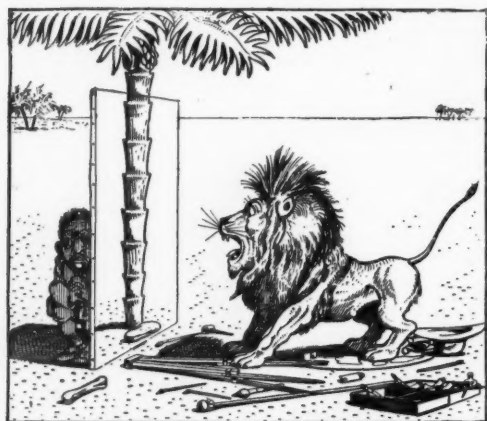
Mr. Raphael Scumble here we see.
He is painting from nature a date-palm tree;



When a lion, he had n't noticed before,
Comes bounding along with a terrible roar.



He places the picture — with presence of mind —
Against the date-palm tree, and hides behind.



"Damn!" roars the lion, who really supposes
That the picture a part of the landscape composes.



And Raphael, watching the beast depart,
Cries out: "I was right to put trust in Art;



"And as Nature seems somewhat too lively here,
I think I will actually disappear."

POLITICISMS, ET CETERA.



SOME ONE HAS said that politics is war, but it is n't: The old soldier who contrasts the thirteen dollars pay per month that the war gave him, with the twenty (or so) dollars pension per month that politics gives him, can see the difference.

THE HARDSHIP of being confined in jail is as nothing to the deep disgrace a tramp feels at being caught in the toils.

UNCLE SAM has shown considerable common-sense in suppressing the lottery swindles. Now if he will wake up to the folly of paying the mine owners a dollar for every seventy cents worth of silver they bring to the mint, he will be entitled to some rank as a financier.

A SMALL MATTA.

BENNY (*very humbly*). — I am sorry I was naughty, Grandpa, and I —

THE PRESIDENT (*very fiercely*). — See here, young man, do you think you can call me bad names and kick my hat all over the floor just because you are a little angry? No, sir! You've got to apologize.

BENNY. — Oh, let up on that Chili business, won't you, Grandpa?

THE JOURNALIST who succeeds in making a misstatement concerning Quay's doings in politics is in danger of finding himself in the house of correction.

UNDER A BUSHEL (or a hat that's quite
As big) the fair young maiden hides her light
Red hair; and what is worse than that, by gum!
She hides the footlights and proscenium.

PROHIBITIONISTS are a cranky set. They think it a fine thing to have a Western man go into Maine and suffer for want of a drink. But let one of those same prohibitionists go West and be compelled to swallow a pint of raw whiskey at the muzzle of a revolver, and he complains of it as an invasion of his rights!

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CANDIDATE. — Ef dat's Mistah Skillets speakin', I'd like foh to have him pay me dat two dollahs he owes me, befoh de exercises goes any funder!

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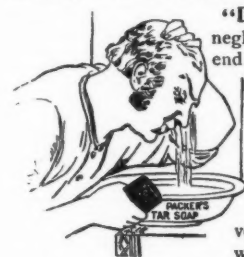
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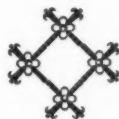
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A BOY TO BE WATCHED.

WOODEN.—What's this idea of yours of putting new locks on everything in the office?

BULFINCH.—Well, I thought I should feel easier.

WOODEN.—What made you think that?

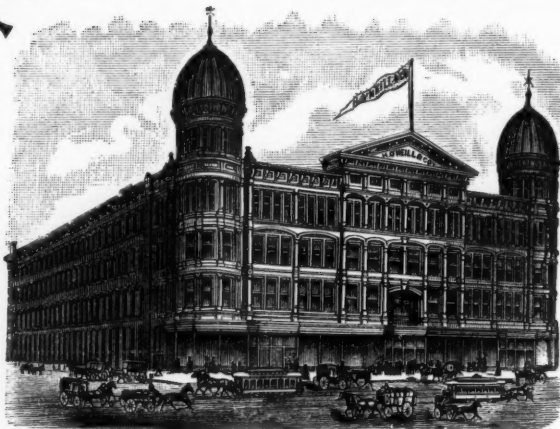
BULFINCH.—Well, you see, I told the office boy he could take yesterday afternoon off and go skating; and he said: "Thank you, sir; I accept the half holiday, but, if you please, I will not go skating; I have long wanted to dust all the top shelves and wash the windows, and this will give me just the chance."—*Boston Courier.*

PASSENGER.—What time does the next train leave for Boston?

GATEMAN (*just over*).—Sure, it's just gone, sir.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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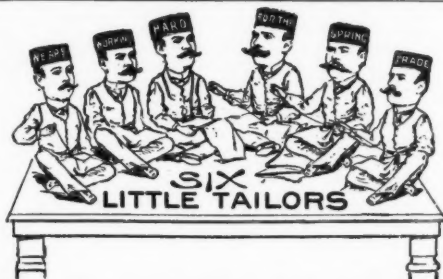
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over from the chalk-faced isle to see America, and es-
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all the talk in the London clubs. He was a passenger on
the train from New York last Tuesday, and passed through
Buffalo, going direct to the Falls. Though he acknowl-
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says he shall return home, believing that railway traveling
in America is superior to that in any other country on the
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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver
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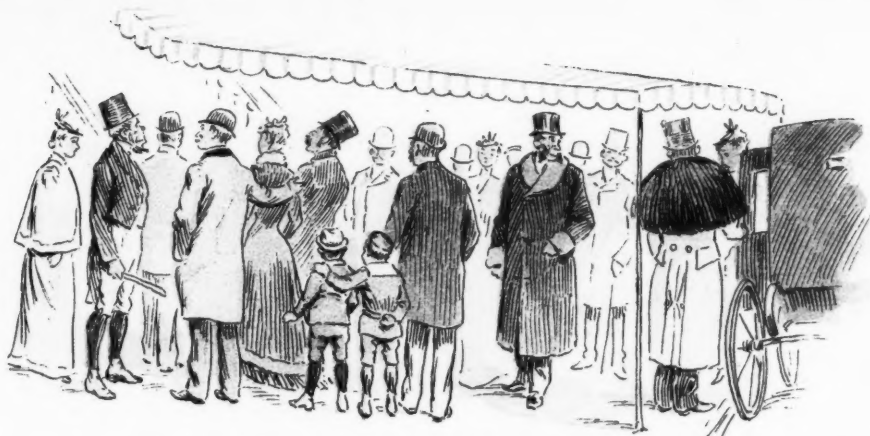
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THE detectives are notified that there are a number of
Congressmen-at-large.—*Texas Siftings*.

PUCK.



'Tis a great country for the Irish, here—I wint out walkin, an the first thing I heard was an organgrinder playin a tune—I wor informed it wor about a celebrated diver named McGinty.



I passed a house where they wor givin a grand party—a man tould me it wor called the 4 Hundred, an he said it wor in charge of an Irishman by the name of Mike Callister.



Sure they have great respect here for our country—I passed a windy where there wor a lot of paper faces, an I wor tould they wor the portraits of distinguished American citizens of Irish descint.



Some of the Irish here don't look like thim in the ould country—I bought a neckerchief from wan of thim that said his name wor Costigan, though I would never have suspected it.



Even the hospitals in America have Irish names—I saw wan they call the "Eye and Erin Firmary."



The parade wor a grand sight—the finest lot of men, an the finest horsemanship I iver looked at, and not an American flag to be seen.

MCGRATH'S FIRST ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN AMERICA.
A FEW EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTER HOME.